

The prohibition resolution has been made a special order for Thursday, the 10th of March.

There was no session of the Legislature this afternoon. The quorum was in a snow drift not far from Milwaukee.

There is a strong sentiment in the county that the municipal court bill for Rock county which is now before the Legislature should become a law. There is no doubt that if such a court as the bill provides for, should be wisely managed, it would cut down court expenses in the county. Believing that it will be a measure of economy, and that it is demanded by a large number of the taxpayers in the county, the delegation in the Legislature will support the bill, and will likely secure its passage.

Our dispatches from Madison indicate that there will be an anti-Cameron movement made in the Legislature; and it is said that in case Senator Cameron is nominated there will be a bolt. The Republican who bolts the nomination of so true a Republican as Mr. Cameron is a political charlatan and a disgrace to the Republican party. We do not believe in bolting. We believe in remaining true to Republican principles and to the stalwart and leading men of the party when they are true to the party. Mr. Cameron has made a good Senator and has never betrayed the trust reposed in him, and any man who bolts him simply because he gets the caucus nomination, is not worthy the respect of honest men.

There is a strange condition of mind in the Legislature of Arkansas. In the lower house of that body, a resolution has been passed for amending the constitution so as to prevent the manufacture and sale of liquor in that State. While the Assembly was engaged in dealing with this great question, attracting thither the attention of the temperance army of the country, the Senate was engaged in discussing another resolution with all the solemnity due a grave and powerful question. It adopted a resolution by a vote of 18 to 5, that the name of the State shall be pronounced "Arkansas," and not "Arkansas." Probably the Assembly knew what the Senate was about, and moved to adopt prohibition as a means to secure sobriety in that body.

The Legislature can not hope to make a Senator who will fill Mr. Carpenter's place. There is no man in the State broad enough in intellect, and high enough in statesmanship, to completely fill the place left vacant by his death. The best the Legislature can do is to take the fittest man left in the party—one who in all respects would fill the seats creditably, one who is a scholar and a gentleman, who has the confidence of the people, one who would wear the senatorial mantle in a manly way, and at all times represent the best interests of the State and the truest principles of the party. While there was only one Matt. Carpenter in the State, there are many who would make respectable United States Senators and out of these, the Legislature must assume the responsibility of making a choice. The opinion seems to prevail among the members that Senator Cameron, will be the successor to Mr. Carpenter. He is already wearing the senatorial harness, and having fairly and honorably represented the Republican party, and the State as well, there is a wide-spread opinion that he should continue in the Senate.

On the 11th of January, when the Senate was discussing the district vagrancy bill, Senator Carpenter made his last appearance in public but two, and in discussing the tramp question he said:

Mr. President, it is well known that, a few years since, when the tramp scare spread over the country a good deal more general than the tramps did, a little number of the States rushed madly into legislation upon this subject and passed a great many statutes of which I have no doubt they are now rather ashamed. It is certain that they passed statutes which for severity and for cruelty were never equaled in this country by anything since the so-called blue laws of Connecticut. This statute the Senator from Maryland says will be the mildest one in existence on that subject. I suppose that is so, because it will be the latest, the latest, the most remote from the alarm produced on that subject. I take it that every law which passes from this time out in the State Legislature or anywhere else will be still milder and milder, until people will get so far restored to their confidence in self-preservation under the old and habitual laws of the land that they will repeal them altogether. I look for that event to come very soon.

On the day when the Senator made his last appearance in the Senate the land grant to railways was under discussion, and when Senator Wallace said the Senate proposed to "deal justly" by the railways, Senator Carpenter said that reminded him of a quarrel between two deacons in a church, and closed as follows:

Finally a revival of religion came along and roused them both up a little. One deacon got out his sledge, and drove over to the other's house very early in the morning. He said, "Deacon, I have come here to see you; I am feeling very badly; four or five years ago we got into a little difficulty about cattle breaking over division fences; we, either of us, could have survived the damage that was done without ever feeling it, but we went to law; we have been wrangling for five years; the lawyers have got our farms covered all over with mortgages; and that is not the worst of it, a quarrel and litigation between two deacons in the same church hinders the cause of our Savior, and I have come over to see you and back out to you and to tell you that you must back out for I can't." [Laughter.] This was the last time Senator Carpen-

ter spoke in the Senate of the United States, and that was the time Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, said of Carpenter: "The words of the honorable Senator never fall to the ground, and he never discusses anything that the Senate is not glad to hear discussed."

SENATORIAL CONTEST.

The Contest for Carpenter's Chair has Commenced in Earnest

Among the Members Who Remained in Madison on Sunday.

Opposition to Senator Cameron is Quietly Developing.

But His Friends are Confident that he will be Elected.

Some Threats of a Bolt and a Coalition with the Democrats.

A Train Load of Legislators and Lobbyists in a Snow Drift at Eagle.

Eleven Thousand Houses Burned in Tokio, Japan.

Thirty Thousand People Destitute and Homeless.

The Presidential Party Arrive Safe and Happy in Washington.

Robert Lincoln Accepts the Attorney Generalship of the New Cabinet.

GARFIELD IN WASHINGTON.

Special to the Gazette.
WASHINGTON, March 1.—Garfield and party arrived at 9:10 a.m., all well and happy. They were met by the inauguration committee and escorted to the Riggs house, where they rested quietly until noon.

Sherman's resignation takes effect on Thursday.

ROBERT LINCOLN.

Special to the Gazette.
CHICAGO, March 1.—A Washington correspondent says Robert Lincoln has been tendered, and has accepted the attorney-generalship.

GREAT FIRE IN TOKIO.

Special to the Gazette.
SAN FRANCISCO, March 1.—Intelligence from Japan says that eleven thousand houses were burned in Tokio on January 26th, and thirty thousand people are homeless.

FINEST EVER KNOWN.

Special to the Gazette.
NEW ORLEANS, March 1.—The Mardi Gras celebration is the finest ever known.

OBITUARY.

Special to the Gazette.
BALTIMORE, March 1.—Ex-Governor Bradford died, this morning.

PEDESTRIAN.

Special to the Gazette.
NEW YORK, March 1.—At 1 o'clock p.m. the record stood—Panchot, 183; Howard, 168; Allen, 161.

ROBBED.

Special to the Gazette.
CHICAGO, March 1.—E. P. Smith, residing on Wabash avenue, was chloroformed and robbed on Sunday night of two thousand dollars, from under his pillow, and a four hundred and fifty dollar pin.

FROM MADISON.

Special to the Gazette.
MADISON, March 1.—In consequence of the late storm, the Legislature was obliged to adjourn to-day without a quorum in either house.

A train crowded with members and lobbyists, have been stuck in an immense snow drift near Eagle, a short distance out of Milwaukee, since yesterday afternoon.

The senatorial fight has fairly commenced; a strong anti-Cameron feeling has already developed; out of thirty-five members remaining here over Sunday, twenty it is said went into caucus last night and agreed to support the anti-Cameron movement. Senator Price is leading the opposition. It is quietly whispered about that should Cameron receive the nomination, there will be a bolt, and with the aid of the Democrats, who are very bitter against Cameron, will unite on a candidate and elect him. On the other hand Cameron's friends are very confident and claim that nothing can defeat him now. He will reach here on the afternoon train, Congressmen Pound and Hazleton will also arrive on the same train.

The Temperance Question.

To the Editor.

I trust you will find a place in your columns for the following in relation to the temperance question:

"Although Maine has a prohibition liquor law, there are 130 saloons in Portland, and drinking and crime are on the increase."—*Janesville Gazette of Feb. 4th.*

COOKSVILLE, Feb. 12, 1881.

Dear Sir:—The enclosed slip I cut from a late number of our leading county paper, and the statement is so at variance with what we expect, that I consider it a libel on my native State. Will you please have the kindness to give me the facts as to prohibition in your city?

To-day I received in reply the annual report of the deputies appointed to enforce the liquor law, dated December 31, 1880, from which I extract the following in relation to prohibition:

"Six years ago we had no difficulty in making seizures at any of the hotels or saloons. The object of search could be found by going around loose, scarcely any effort being made to conceal it. It is not so now. We must admit, however, that during the past three months new shops are being fitted up and more boldness is being manifested by many of the keepers of saloons. The cause for so much activity at this time can only be conjectured."

The reports of the city marshal from year to year during the past six years, are very suggestive as tending to show a marked decrease in the number arrested for drunkenness. Below may be found a report of the number of cases each year for drunkenness, and drunkenness and disturbance, copied from the city marshal's yearly reports, ending with each year of March 1st:

Years	No. arrests	Years.	No. arrests
.....	2318	1878.....	188
.....	1864	1879.....	154
.....	1608	1880.....	141

A decrease every year over its predecessor, except in 1879, but the year following the number falls off again, and the present year so far comprising only nine months, only 906 arrests have been made, which in the same proportion for the year would amount to but 1208, which is certainly a very encouraging exhibit, considering the steady increase of inhabitants."

Now, from statistics, which I have in my possession, from other towns and cities in the State of Maine, this is about the average report of the workings of the law in that State, and were it not from the fact that I often see reports similar to the one in *Gazette* referred to, I should let the matter pass; but if the friends of temperance, and the advocates of Christianity have gained any point in the past fifty years they should be entitled to prefer credit. The cause of crime is not born in a day, and if crime, divorce, insanity and suicide, are on the increase in Maine or elsewhere, there must be some other cause besides that of closing up the dram shops. It is a well established fact, which the report of every State prison very clearly shows, that more than fifty per cent of all commitments are directly or indirectly the result of the excessive use of liquor.

I will cite only one case in our own State, of the municipal court of Milwaukee, from October 1st, 1878 to October 1st, 1879, which shows that during that time there were 3,061 arrested for all crimes, and of their number 1,815 were arrested for drunkenness, drunk and disorderly, or over 52 per cent, from these causes. It would be of no use to multiply these reports for in many cities the average is even greater than in Milwaukee.

Now what does General Neal Dow say of these 130 saloons in the city of Portland. I quote his own words in the Portland Press of February 8th: "One hundred and thirty rum shops! What are they, low dirty dens, a Center street, Gorham's Corner, Clay Court and Christian Shore. The whole stock in trade of each of them, will be perhaps a half-pint, or a pint bottle, in a coat pocket, or a pitcher or watering pot of beer, the rum-seller keeping a sharp lookout for the officers so as to tip them over before the officers can reach them. Sometimes it is a barrel of beer hidden under the floor of a pig pen or under a manure heap, sometimes a tin can of whisky, built into the plastering under the stairs. Sometimes small flat bottles of rum hidden in the ash-pit under the oven of the cooking stove, and even suspended in flat bottles beneath the outer skirts of a woman's dress, and many other such contrivances to elude the officers of the law."

All laws are in some sense inoperative, and all laws however much they aim to promote the public welfare are sought to be evaded by the cupidity and avarice of selfish men, and the interpreter of laws as well as those appointed to enforce them are not always the best guardians of a nation's virtue. But is this any reason why the conservators of public welfare should cease their efforts to destroy one of the causes which promote crime and wrong doing. The friends of temperance reform wish to look at this matter fairly and squarely in the light of reason, with all the facts which can be produced either by friends or foes; and if we are hindering the cause of humanity as Dr Crosby would lead us to suppose, then let us change our tactics.

B. S. HOXIE.

Cooksville, Feb. 25, 1881.

Mrs. W. N. Palmer, 149 Morgan Street, Buffalo, N. Y. writes: "My child was taken Feb. 1st with Cramp in its severest form and Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil being the only remedy at hand, I began giving it according to directions and found it gave immediate relief. I gave three (3) doses and the child rested well the remainder of the night. I have used it in my family for some time with complete success."

National Bank-Note Paper.

Considerable comment having been made relative to the fibre paper being found in the possession of the former Brockway and his gang, the officers in charge of the mill where the bank-note paper has been made for over a year past, were interviewed lately.

The mill is located at Coltsville, in the east part of the town of Pittsfield, near the Dalton line, and the paper is manufactured under a contract with the Messrs. Crane, Bond-paper makers for several years. Officers representing the Government and Treasury Department, located at Coltsville, say that the paper captured is not even an imitation, or at least a poor one of the distinctive paper used ten years ago. The paper now made contains fibre, but also has threads running through the sheets, so that each bank note bill has a red silk running down the side across the ends, and with the precaution taken at the mill, and in shipment of the paper, it is impossible for outside parties to obtain it, or for the officers or watchman to be in collusion with the counterfeiters. None but the best posted of the operatives of Crane & Co., and those who have been in their employ a long time, are employed in the manufacture, and especially from the time the pulp receives the silk fibre every process of manufacture is under the closest inspection by the officials. The sheets are counted and inspected by ladies employed in the Treasury Department, nearly all of whom have been in that branch of the service for a long time, coming to Berkshire County, when the contract was transferred from the Pennsylvania contractor.

Each sheet is examined and passed through the hands of ten other operatives for inspection. Every sheet is accounted for, spoiled ones being carefully watched while being again torn up and made into pulp. Each employee is searched on leaving or entering the mill. The mill itself is carefully guarded by Government employees, night and day. A detective, stationed at Pittsfield, constantly visits the mill at all times, day and night, when least expected. When shipments are made, the paper is placed in iron-bound packages, sealed. A guard rides on the wagon, from Coltsville to Pittsfield Station, where it is delivered to the American Express Company, in a car, under Government inspection. A detective rides in the car to Bridgeport, Connecticut, where another Treasury officer takes charge of it, taking it to New York, where it is delivered to the Sub-Treasury, and from there sent to Washington to be printed upon. No visitor is allowed in the mill under any circumstances, and every precaution possible is taken to prevent even the smallest piece from getting into the hands of outside parties. Nor has such a thing ever occurred. So they are emphatic in the denial of the report that counterfeiters had the distinctive paper used by the Government, or even a fair imitation of it.

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"Woman's Will."

The man's a fool who thinks by force of skill, To stem the torrent of a woman's will, For if she will, she will, you may depend on't, And if she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't, And if she's ill, she'll fume and make a stir, And if she can't Spring Blossom get, why there's an end of her.

Prices: \$1.50, and trial bottles 10c. Sold by A. J. Roberts and Croft & Sherer.

The New Version Bible.

Albany Journal.

It is giving the flippant one of the best of recent opportunities to jibe at religion when the price of the new version of the Bible is put at \$10 per copy. It seems as if the revisers might have a cheap edition. There is something particularly shocking in the idea that one cannot buy a Bible for anything less than \$10. Thousands of people are waiting with impatient anxiety for the appearance of this new work. It is not generally known that a first edition of 500,000 copies has already been manufactured in England, and that there are now 100,000 copies in New York City, not one of them permitted to be sold. There are rumors that speculators in New York City, have made arrangements to put the entire New Testament into type within 24 hours from the time a copy of the English edition can be procured, and within 3 days thousands of copies will be bound and ready for delivery at 30 cents each.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Made from Grape Cream Tartar.—No other preparation makes such light, flaky hot breads, or light cakes. Can be eaten by Dyspeptics without fear of the ill results from heavy indigestible food.—Sold only in cans, by all Grocers.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

R. C. YEOMANS

Franklin street, Corn Exchange Square, Janesville, Wis.

DEALER IN

Wind-Mill, Garden and Set Length, Force Pumps, Pipe, Fittings, Drive Points, Deep and Shallow Well Cylinders.

Gas and Steam Fitting Goods!

Globe and other Valves, Engine Trimmings, Rubber Hose, Sheet Rubber, Lead Pipe, Packing, &c.

Steam, Gas and Water Pipe Fitting a Specialty.

Deep and Shallow Well Repairing. Estimates given and Contracts Taken on Work at a Distance. All work Personally Attended to.

At Gazette Counting Room.

For Sale!

At Gazette Counting Room.

At a BARGAIN,

A NEW IMPROVED

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SEWING MACHINE

Call and see it.

For Sale!

At Gazette Counting Room.

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SEWING MACHINE

Call and see it.

YOU WILL FIND AT

E. V. WHITON & CO.'S,

Corner Milwaukee and Jackson Sts., Cannon's Block,

Every conceivable article kept by druggists, including Toilet Goods, Handkerchief Extracts, Cologne, all the Patent Medicines, diverted, Liquors for Medicinal use, Combs, Brushes, Cigars, Tobaccos, etc. Our drugs and chemicals we select with the greatest care and get the freshest and purest in the market, and sell them at moderate prices.

WEBB & HALL,

Invite You to Call and Examine the New Patterns of

Fine Jewelry and Silver-Ware,

JUST RECEIVED FOR THE HOLIDAY TRADE

Insurance and Real Estate!

ORIGINAL HEADQUARTERS.

Established in 1858.

Represents the Oldest, Strongest and Safest Fire Insurance Companies in America and England.

Losses Fairly and Promptly Adjusted and Paid.

To Business Men and all other Property Owners, we desire to say, that we can give you the Solid Old Companies at best rates.

Janesville, Wis., October 22d, 1880.

DIMOCK & HAYNER, Agents.

Oh, Who will Care for Mother Now?

Prentice & Evenson, the druggists opposite the Post Office, have added to their stock a complete line of Flint and Green Glass Nursing Bottles in all shapes and styles. Cleaning Brushes for Bottles and Tubes. Hard, Soft-Rubber and Glass Tubing, and White Black, Maroon and Pure Gum Bottle Fittings. They are also agents for Ridge's Food, Victor Baby Food, Horlick's Food, Swiss Condensed Milk, Imperial Granum and Taylor's Arrow Root.

Don't Wash the Baby

with cheap animal oil soaps that contain so much free alkali that it is fit only for Laundry purposes. The public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of soap to guide them to a proper selection, and so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweigh the more important consideration, the composition of the soap itself. Prentice & Evenson have a very carefully selected stock of pure vegetable oil Toilet Soap of over seventy different kinds. They have all the best brands of imported Castile Soap and American Glycerine Soap which they sell by the pound.

A NEW FIRM

But an Old House.

The old firm of

A. & F. SONNEBORN

is dissolved, but the business will be carried on at the old stand, corner of Main and Milwaukee-st., by Fred Sonneborn, who kindly thanks his friends for their past favors and hopes for a continuance of the same in the future, promising the public that honorable dealing and low prices still continue to be his aim. In order to make room for a large spring stock, I will sell Suits, Hats, Caps, and Gents' Furnishing goods at greatly reduced prices.

CUSTOM WORK A SPECIALTY!

COME AND SEE ME.

Truly Yours,

FRED SONNEBORN.

DRY GOODS at COST

My entire stock of Dry Goods will be closed out at actual cost by March 1st. A positive sale, as I will make a change in my business this Spring.

GEO. STOCKTON.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IT MAKES

No Difference how Deep the Snow or Cold the Weather, OUR REDUCTION on Winter Goods GOES JUST THE SAME!

20 per cent. Reduction on FINE Goods.

15 per cent. Reduction on LOW-PRICED Goods.

SMITH & SON,

One Price, Square Dealing Clothiers.

JOHN CLARK, Jr. & CO'S

CLARK'S

MILE-END

SPOOL COTTON

BEST

SIX-CORD

FOR

Machine or Hand Use.

PRIZE MEDAL

GRANTED AT

London, Paris, New York, Vienna, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, And Charleston, S. C.

FOR SALE BY

McKEY & BRO.

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Coffee, Coffee.

1250 Pounds, over half a ton of choice O. G. Java Coffee in stock at 50 cts. our own Roasting, and 20 cts Green. This is the cheapest lot of Coffee that has been in the market for years.

J. A. DENNISTON.

COFFEE. Prime at 15 cts Green, and 20 cts our own Roasting, at DENNISTON'S.

BLACK TEA. the choicest in market; also a new lot of Rose Jap at DENNISTON'S.

NO SECOND QUALITY GOODS at DENNISTON'S. Every thing the best and consequently the cheapest.

CALIFORNIA Grapes and Peas at DENNISTON'S.

BURNETT'S Extracts and Colognes at DENNISTON'S.

HECKER'S Self-Raising Buck-Wheat Flour DENNISTON'S.

CHOICE Preserves, Damson, Cherry, Quince, Peach, &c., at DENNISTON'S.

CROWDER'S Fish and Clam at DENNISTON'S.

PEARCE'S unrivaled Soda Crackers at DENNISTON'S.

SARDINES in Mustard, Oil, and Tomato Sauce at DENNISTON'S.

LOOMIS ALLEN & Co. Sweet Corn and Buo DENNISTON'S.

ATMORE'S Justly celebrated Mince-Meat at DENNISTON'S.

BROOK Trout and Fresh Mackerel at DENNISTON'S.

HAM CURED TENDER LOIN at DENNISTON'S.

OSWEGO Corn Starch Crackers at DENNISTON'S.

A Case of Fresh Condensed Milk at DENNISTON'S.

BRUNELLS make the Finest Sauce; get them at DENNISTON'S.

STEAM COOKED OAT MEAL and When Griso at DENNISTON'S.

23 Different kinds of Crackers at DENNISTON'S.

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FOR SALE!

At Gazette Counting Room,

A Beckford Knitting Machine

(Which will be sold at a bargain)

NIGHTMARE.

They all climbed up on a high board fence—
Nine little goblins with green-glass eyes—
Nine little goblins that had no sense,
And couldn't tell copper from cold mince—
And they all climbed up on the fence, and
And I asked them what they were staring
at.

And the first one said, as he scratched his
head
With a queer little arm that reached out of
his armpit
And rasped its claws in his hair so red—
"This is what this little arm is for."
And he scratched and stared, and the next
one said,
"How on earth do you scratch your head?"

And he laughed like the screech of a rusty
hinge—
Laughed and laughed till his face grew
black
And when he choked, with a final thump
Of his stifling laughter, he thumped his
back
With a fist that grew on the end of his tail,
Till the breath came back to his lips so
pale.

And the third little goblin leered round at
me—
And there were no lids on his eyes at all—
And he clucked one eye, and he says, says he,
"What is the style of your socks this fall?"
And he clapped his heels—and I sighed to
that he had hands where his feet should
be.

Then a bald-faced goblin, gray and grim,
Bowed his head, and I saw him slip
His eyebrows off, as I looked at him,
And paste them over his upper-lip—
And he scratched and stared, and the next
one said,
"Would to heaven I'd me brown again."

And then the whole of the goblin band
Rocked on the fence-top to and fro,
And clung, in a long row, hand in hand,
Singing the songs that they grandly
knew—
Singing the songs that their grandfathers
sung
In the good-old days of the goblin-tongue.

And ever they kept their green-glass eyes
Fixed on me with a stony stare—
Till my own green glazed with a dread sur-
mise,
And my hat whopped up on my lifted hair,
And I felt the heart in my breast snap,
Too, too, you've heard the lid of a snuff-box do.

And they sang: "You're a fool! There is no
board fence,
And never a goblin with green-glass eyes—
'Tis only a vision the mind invents!
After a supper of cold mince-pies!
Yet still you are doomed to dream this
way,
Till along toward dusk of the Judgment
Day."

—James W. Lidey.

HARRY HARCOURT'S DREAM.

HARRY HARCOURT was not given to
dreaming on ordinary occasions; in
fact, he seldom dreamt at all, for he
was a sound sleeper, with a stomach
like an alligator and a conscience like
a baby's.

An easy conscience and good diges-
tion are the best promoters of healthy
sleep the world over, and I do not won-
der that Harry Harcourt slept well.

Harry Harcourt had a hobby. Most
practical and impractical people have
hobbies. My hero's hobby was the im-
aginary financial, political, legal and
every way possible superiority of men's
responsibilities over woman's duties in
raising a family and providing for the
household.

Mrs. Harcourt was a pale little wo-
man with a big family. Pale little wo-
men are very apt to be mothers of
big families.

Mrs. Harcourt's children were boys,
ruddy, rollicking, jolly little romping
fellows, whose knees would peep
through their trousers and whose el-
bows would get ragged in spite of their
pale mother's untiring assiduity.

"If I had nothing more to do than
you have, Mr. Harcourt, I am sure I
could keep the children in rags and
trousers in order!" said Harry Harcourt
one day when Ben and Billy came rushing
into the great, unfurnished farm
house, driving a tandem team of the
newly-mopped floor.

The boys walked the baby, who had
just fallen asleep after an hour of
incessant rocking, while the mother had
wearily plied her needle; and they up-
set her work-basket in a heap as they
galloped around the room in high glee.
Harry always said, "Mrs. Harcourt,
when he meant to be extremely digni-
fied."

Mrs. Harcourt was not always as
weak as she looked, as her husband
had many a time discovered, to his
cost. She had a will of her own when
aroused, and Harry Harcourt had once
more unwittingly aroused her by riding
his strongest hobby directly athwart her
sense of justice, when she was nervous
from over exertion.

"If I had nothing more to do than
you have, Mr. Harcourt, or if I had the
control of my own earnings as you do,
I'd once in a while be able to buy the
children something new to wear, so
they wouldn't always have to depend
upon patches!"

"That's all a woman knows about
economy. You'd break me up in three
months if you had a free swing at the
finances. New clothes for the children,
indeed! Let 'em wear their old ones!"

"That's what they have been doing
all along, Mr. Harcourt, and they were
mostly made up of old clothes in the
first place. If I was only free from all
the unpaid drudgery that you impose
upon me without any remuneration
whatever, I would earn money and buy
clothes for the children as fast as they
are needed; but I have to be cook,
nurse, laundress, dish-washer, dairy-
maid, scullion, mop rag, needle-woman
and general scapgoat all the time, and
all for the sake of being supported! It
wasn't so when I was a school-ma'am.

I had my own money then, and no
thanks to anybody for it, either. I
thanked myself for it, and I had the
control of my own earnings as you do,
I'd once in a while be able to buy the
children something new to wear, so
they wouldn't always have to depend
upon patches!"

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and rollicking drivers skurried off into
the woodshed, and the house was still
again.

In a little while the trousers were
mended, but the overturned contents of
the upset work-basket fairly appalled
her as she contemplated the promiscu-
ous pile—socks, out at toes and heels,
and ragged in the elbows, shirts, minus
buttons, with sleeves torn at the elbows,
and wristbands frayed at the edges;
jackets, with linings torn and pockets
worn into shreds; more trousers, a torn
mitten, two school-books to cover, and
a lunch-bag to supply with a new strap.
It was almost supper time, too, and this
was Saturday.

Mrs. Harcourt was far too conscien-
tious to do any work on Sunday that
could be avoided, and all this mountain
of "easy, irresponsible work" must be
finished before she could sleep. Mon-
day would bring another school day,
and it would also bring about the inevi-
table washing. The children must "look
like other children" if their mother
lost her life in the effort to keep them
scrubbed and fed and whole and clean.

Mrs. Harcourt tiptoed softly out of
the room.

The baby was nervous, like herself—
no wonder, poor thing—and was easily
awakened from its fitful slumbers.

There was no kindling wood ready
for the kitchen stove, but Mrs. Harcourt
was used to that. She split a piece of
pitch pine into splinters and soon had a
roaring fire and a red-hot oven. In her
haste to prepare the meal before the
baby should awake and cry, she burnt
her meat and scorched her potatoes and
burned a heavy crust on her biscuit.

So the supper was indigestible—an
unusual thing—but Harry Harcourt ate
heartily as usual, and as usual retired
early to rest, leaving his pale-faced wife
to wash the dishes and scrub the chil-
dren, and, after they were safe in bed,
apply herself to finishing the huge
basket of mending before the man-
clock should chime the hour of mid-
night.

Harry Harcourt felt a little anxious
and a trifle mean as he watched her
furtively and saw how very pale and
weary she was; but he wanted the man
to unbend from his fancied dignity, nor
did he really believe that his wife de-
served his sympathy. He lay upon his
back in the bedroom adjoining, leaving
the door slightly ajar.

Stitch, stitch, stitch, went the weary
fingers of his pale-faced wife, as the
hours went on, her feet in the meantime
keeping up a ceaseless rock, rock, rock,
with the swaying cradle.

Harry Harcourt was uneasy. Per-
haps it was his supper; perhaps it was
his conscience. But his stomach and
his conscience were alike impervious
to ordinary disturbances, and I leave
the reader to guess the cause of his
uneasiness. He raised up on his elbow
and gazed out into the room where his
wife was sewing.

Stitch, stitch, stitch; rock, rock, rock.
What the stitching and the rocking
never stop.

"But pshaw!" thought Harry Har-
court. "What right have I to be un-
easy? A woman's work is nothing. Let
her stitch and let her rock. It's what
women are made for."

Still, he could not help reclining there
and watching her.

The clock struck eleven, and still her
silent, weary work went on; and, as
Harry Harcourt gazed, he fancied that
her entire brain and body became trans-
parent, and he could see himself re-
flected in her thoughts as he had never
seen himself before.

"Yes, yes," she soliloquized, and her
mental words thrilled him like elec-
tricity. "Harry thinks he is the head
of this family, and its only provider,
stay and support. But, bless him, he
doesn't know. I guess I'll retire from
the firm and give him a much-needed
lesson."

And she bent low over the cradle
and kissed the sleeping baby, and even
while he gazed at her she disappeared.

What had become of her?
Harry Harcourt arose from his couch
and put on his clothes and approached
the cradle reverently and cautiously.
Near it was her low rocking-chair, and
by its side the heaped-up work-basket
and her scissors, spools and thimble.

On the floor, which was yet damp from
the after-supper mopping it had re-
ceived when the children and himself
were in bed, lay a promiscuous array
of old clothes, washed, ironed, patched
and mended by her patient fingers. He
gathered up the worn garments one by
one, and, as he touched them, felt that
they were warm with the wasted life-
forces of his pale-faced wife.

The night passed away, and morning,
rosy and radiant, beamed in at the
uncurtained window where Harry Har-
court sat watching. The baby awoke
and began its usual wailing cry. He
tried hard to pacify it with the nursing
bottle his wife had provided the night
before, but it refused to be comforted.

He remembered seeing his mother shake
it into a few extra screams, followed by
a season of quietude, but when he tried
the experiment it did not succeed.

What was he to do?
The older children were up by this
time, clamoring and hungry and cold.
He knocked them to the right and the
left with his open hands and scolded
till trembling silence.

The unanswerable question was re-
peated over and over till Harry Har-
court grew frantic with suspense and
grief and bewilderment.

The pile of mending had not all been
completed, and the many missing but-
tons made it very inconvenient for him
to dress the children properly for Sab-
bath-school.

The breakfast was a complete failure.
The children could not eat his primitive
cooking, and the baby's wailing cries
racked his nerves—strong and healthy
as he was—till he was desperate enough
to almost strangle it.

Dinner was a more perplexing meal
for him to prepare than breakfast. He
whipped Ben and Billy to make them
wash the dishes and whipped them
even harder when they broke half of
them into a shapeless mass by letting
the dish-pan fall.

Monday came at last, and after a
sleepless night with the wailing baby,
Harry Harcourt went once more through
the perplexing work of the morning in
the kitchen.

And then came the washing.
A wearier, crosser man than Harry
Harcourt never sat down to a cold din-
ner.

The children skulked in the corners
and fairly forgot to play at tandem
teaming. In a few days their clothes
were out again, and he could not patch
them, nor could he get away from the
house to earn or even buy new ones.
His own garments grew buttonless,
and his food was insupportably indig-
estible.

When Harry Harcourt looked in the
glass, he found himself growing pale,
like his vanished wife. No wonder she
grew white and thin, poor thing! He
sighed, sadly, "I shall die before
many days if I have to carry all this re-
sponsibility on my shoulders without
assistance."

"Nobody ever helped mamma," said
Billy, and he dodged behind the cradle
to avoid being buffeted for his temerity.
"That is true," thought Harry Har-
court.

And then his health began to fail,
and his strength forsook him, and his
head ached, and his temples throbbled,
and his feet grew sore and weary, and
he felt himself sinking, sinking, sink-
ing into the grave.

"What will become of the poor chil-
dren when I am gone?" he thought,
the next Saturday evening, as he wear-
ily stitched, stitched, stitched, till mid-
night. "But I deserve no better fate
than my present lot, and I have no
reason to complain if I do suffer. I
never appreciated Fanny. Poor thing!
If only had her back I'd give her the
free and equal possession and use of
everything on the plantation. She
should have help—plenty of it—and all
the money she needed to spend or
save, as her own sense would dictate,
and I'd never call myself the responsi-
ble head, provider and supporter of the
family, nor accuse her of having nothing
to do—no, never. But it's too late
now. She's gone, and I'm left to carry
the load that I would never acknowl-
edge was a load while she had to carry
it."

The baby cried harder and louder
than ever, and Harry Harcourt felt
himself sinking lower and lower in
health and strength, till finally he fell
sprawling upon the floor, from which he
arose at last, rubbing the "crazy bone"
of his right elbow, and staring around
the room in a state of semi-conscious-
ness.

"What in the world's the matter,
Harry Harcourt?" asked his pale-faced
wife, in alarm.

"Are you really there, Fanny?" he
asked, eagerly. "I thought you were
dead, darling!"

"No, Harry, I'm not dead yet, but
I shall be before long, at this rate,"
was the despairing reply. "I've been
mending the children's clothes for three
hours while you've been snoring."

"And you haven't been away at all?"
"I been away? Why, Harry, you
must be crazy! How could I get away,
I'd like to know? With all these backs
to clothe and all these mouths to feed,
to say nothing of washing, ironing, churn-
ing, scrubbing and taking care of the
baby. I've too many responsibilities
here to think of going away, unless
death calls me. And, to tell you the
truth, Harry, I don't think it will
be very long before I am called, for my
strength is failing rapidly, and I have
frequent sinking spells. I have felt
a half-dozen times to-night as if I
would sink through the floor. But
then it isn't any matter. Maybe when
I am gone you can get a wife who can
manage better and spare you the hu-
miliation of seeing your children out at
the knees and elbows."

"I've had a dream, dear, and I've
lived through a whole week of your
daily life in the last three hours, and I
swear to you, by all that's holy, that if
I live till Monday morning there will be
strong help provided for you in the
kitchen, and you shall have all the
money you want to buy clothes for
yourself and the children. And I'll
never say again that you have nothing
to do. Why, there isn't a man in Am-
erica who could live as long as you have,
and do the work that you have done for
ten years, or ever since you've been mar-
ried."—Woman's Journal.

Sunlight.

THE sun, if you will only open your
house to him, is a faithful physician,
who will be pretty constant in attend-
ance, and who will send in no bills.
Many years ago I was something of a
luxury. But now we can all have
good-sized windows, and plenty of
them, at moderate cost, and there is no
excuse for making mere loop holes,
through which the sun can cast but half
an eye, and from which one can gain
only narrow glimpses of the beautiful
outer world.

I am sufficiently acquainted with the
conservative character of many country
people to know that expressions of dis-
dain will come from some quarters
when I mention bay windows. Never-
theless bay windows are a good thing,
their effect is very much like letting
heaven into one's house, at least it
ought to be like that, for it is nothing
but absurdity and wickedness to darken
such windows with shutters or heavy
curtains until only a struggling ray of
sunlight can be seen.

If bay windows are too expensive, a
very desirable substitute can be had by
placing two ordinary-sized windows side
by side with a wide capstone ledge at
the bottom for seats for plants.

A room with a window like this can-
not fail to be cheery, and its effect in a
simple cottage house is quite sumptu-
ous. There is likewise in its favor
the fact that it is less exposed than the
deep bay window to outer heat and
cold.

In a kitchen or in a child's bedroom,
or in an attic where the walls are low,
two half-windows set side by side and
made to slide or to open on hinges, ad-
mit a broad, generous light, and give
an apartment a pretty and pleasing rus-
tic air.

Let the builder endeavor to have all
rooms in daily use, especially bedrooms
and sitting rooms, well lighted by the
sun. "To sleep on uncurtained beds
in uncurtained chambers, and to work day
after day in uncurtained rooms, is the un-
repented sin of half the nation," vigor-
ously affirms a prominent writer. But
this should not be said of that part of
the nation living in the country far
from those towering brick walls whose
steps take hold on basement kitchens,
and in whose depressing shadows many
lives must necessarily be spent. In the
country, with a whole sky to draw
from, let there be light! If any rooms
in the house must look solely to the
north for illumination, let them be the
parlor and the spare chamber. People
who come and go can be cheerful for a
while in the north-windowed apartment,
but the constant dwellers in a house
need its sunniest rooms.—Farm Homes.

Id Delaware County, N. Y., lived
Reuben Larkin, who was now out-
side the county but once. She was 106
years of age when she died, but had
been anxious for the change for fifteen
years. A son eighty years of age, a
preacher in the South, came to visit his
mother just before her decease.

Nowwich, Connecticut, keeps up the
good old Thanksgiving customs and
lights the bonfires which have always
burned on this feast day since its early
colonial history.

On these long Sunday evenings the
swain goes to see his sweetheart early,
in order that he may go home late.

MISCELLANEOUS



VERY EASILY MANAGED,
ECONOMICAL IN FUEL,
AND GUARANTEED TO
Give Perfect Satisfaction Everywhere.

MADE ONLY BY
Excelsior Man'g Co.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
**TIN-PLATE, WIRE,
SHEET IRON**
—AND—
EVERY CLASS OF GOODS USED OR SOLD BY
TIN AND STOVE DEALERS.
SEND FOR PRICE LISTS.
For Sale by John Griffiths,
JANESVILLE, WIS.

**TUTT'S
PILLS**
INDORSED BY
PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN, AND
THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE.
THE GREATEST MEDICAL
TRIUMPH OF THE AGE.

**SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.**
Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive,
Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in
the back part, Pain under the shoulder-
blade, Fullness after eating, with a dis-
tinct inclination to exertion of body or mind,
Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss
of memory, with a feeling of having neg-
lected some duty, weariness, Dizziness,
Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the
eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restless-
ness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNDECEIVED,
SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.
TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to
such cases, one dose effects such a change
of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.
They cleanse the system, and cause the
body to take on flesh, thus the system is
restored to its normal condition. The
Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are pro-
duced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a Glossy
Black by a single application of this Dye. It
imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously.
Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of
Office, 35 Murray St., New York.
(Circular Receipts will be mailed free on application.)
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DETROIT.
Grand Haven and Milwaukee
RAIL-WAY.
THE
SHORTEST, CHEAPEST,
EAST!

STEAMSHIP'S LEAVE DAILY.
Saturdays excepted.
Milwaukee, depart 7:30 p.m.
Grand Haven, " 6:00 a.m.
Detroit, arrive 12:15 p.m.
Nagana Falls, " 8:30 a.m.
Buffalo, " 8:45 p.m.
New York, sec. day " 10:30 a.m.
Boston, " 12:40 p.m.

State rooms free on Steamers.
Only ONE NIGHT on the cars between Mil-
waukee and New York, Boston and principal
eastern cities.

SAVING \$3.00!
In railroad, and \$2.00 sleeping car fare, 100 miles
in distance.
62¢ Tickets for sale at all principal ticket of-
fices in the north-west, at the company's office, 316
Broadway, and at Dock office, adjoining Union
 Depot, Milwaukee. HARRY BROADFORD,
Passenger Ticket Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.
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A POSITIVE CURE.
Without medicine. ALLAN'S SOLIDITY MED-
ICATED BALLOONS. Patented October 18, 1876
One box.
No. 1 will cure any case in four days, or less.
No. 2 will cure the most obstinate case, no matter
of how long standing.
No. 3 will cure cases of cubicle, copula or oil of
sandstone, that are certain to produce dyspepsia
and the costliest of the stomach.
No. 4 will cure cases of stricture, or other
serious complications.
Sent by mail, or by express, on receipt of price.
For a list of agents, send for circular.
P. O. Box 1533. J. C. ALLAN CO., 33 John Street,
New York.
We offer \$500 reward for any case that will not
quick, safe and sure cure.
fcb25d-wly

30th
Popular Monthly Drawing of the
Commonwealth Distribution Company.
At MACAULEY'S THEATRE, in the City of Lon-
don, on
THURSDAY, March 31, 1881.

These drawings occur monthly (Sundays ex-
cepted) under provisions of an Act of the Gen-
eral Assembly of Kentucky, incorporating the
Newport Printing and Newspaper Co., approved
April 9, 1878.

"This is a special act, and has never
been repealed."
The United States Circuit Court on March 21st
rendered the following decision:
"Let the Commonwealth Distribution Com-
pany be legal."
24-16 drawings are fair.
The Company has now on hand a large reserve
fund. Read the list of prizes for the
MARCH DRAWING.

1 Prize.....\$50,000 100 prizes \$100 each 10,000
2 ".....25,000 200 " 50 " 10,000
3 ".....10,000 500 " 20 " 10,000
4 ".....5,000 1,000 " 10 " 10,000
5 ".....2,500 2,000 " 5 " 10,000
6 ".....1,250 3,000 " 2 " 10,000
7 ".....625 4,000 " 1 " 10,000
8 ".....312 5,000 " 1 " 10,000
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